The Three Lights (Brontë Sisters) EP. – Éireál

The Three Lights - album notes

A lantern breaks, and three lights are set free. The Three Lights (Brontë Sisters) is Éireál's tribute to resilience, memory, and the voices that once burned quietly in Haworth's rooms.

Across three songs - Lantern of Stone, Hidden Hands, and Wild Hearts - this EP traces a journey from vigil to release:
Lantern of Stone: a solemn opening, carrying the weight of silence and the glow of endurance.
Hidden Hands: a song of secrecy and strength, honouring the invisible labour behind words that survived.
Wild Hearts: the soaring release, where voices rise and the lights blaze beyond the stone.

This song my book and other material can be found at: Owen Brennan Archive at:
https://archive.org/details/@owen_brennan_archive

Lantern of Stone - Artist: Éireál

Damp wool socks by the hearthstone glow
Ink-stained fingers in winter's hush
They stitched their dreams with needle-thin prose
While the moors held their breath outside

Around the table, arm in arm they paced
While candle shadows climbed the parlour wall
Three sisters hiding in a man's disguise
Waiting for the world to hear their call

Coughs like dry leaves in November air
Letters returned with edges torn
But still they wrote through the thinning light

Three lights in a lantern of stone
Burning bright when the world says no!
Not stars - but flames from kitchen wicks
That lit a century's quiet dawn

Thirty winters .... Twenty-nine.... Thirty-eight...
Gravestones lean where heather grows thick
Yet schoolgirls whisper their borrowed lines
Like secrets passed through chapel walls

No grand halls, no gilded acclaim
Just paper boats on ink-black streams
Sailing out past the edge of their years

Three lights in a lantern of stone
Burning bright when the world says no!
Not stars - but flames from kitchen wicks
That lit a century's quiet dawn

(whispered)
If you walk the ridge at twilight's seam
You'll feel them - not ghosts, but steady gleam
In every page left open wide
A fire that outlived its pyre..

Three lights in a lantern of stone
Burning still where their hands are gone!
Not stars - but flames from kitchen wicks
That warm us now in this fireside song

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Éireál's music is available on all major streaming services, including:

YouTube: youtube.com/@Éireáls
Facebook: facebook.com/profile.php?id=61578754387173
Bandcamp: eireal.bandcamp.com
Instagram: instagram.com/eireal.artist

Hidden Hands - Artist: Éireál

Charlotte traced hope with steady hand
Through Jane's plain face and quiet fire
A governess who held her ground
While frost bit deep at Haworth's door

Emily let wind speak through her pen
Heathcliff's cry in stone and gale
No corset bound her roaming soul
She walked where only ghosts dared tread

Anne kept truth in gentle lines
Helen's flight from poisoned rooms
She named the rot behind closed doors
With grace that cut like tempered steel

The critics sneered, they judged they said
'No woman writes of such dark things'
But still the ink dried on the page
And every word began to sing....

THREE FLAMES IN A LANTERN OF STONE! STILL THEY BURN WHEN THE NIGHT GROWS LONG! Not stars - but sparks from hidden hands That carried hope through a century's dawn

No fanfare greeted what they wrote
Just ink-stained sleeves on winter coats.
But still they fed the waiting dark

THREE FLAMES IN A LANTERN OF STONE! STILL THEY BURN WHEN THE NIGHT GROWS LONG! Not stars - but sparks from hidden hands That carried hope through a century's dawn

(Whispered)
Now schoolgirls reed by windowlight
Their borrowed courage warm as bread
And every line still breathes alive
Where moorland meets the open sky

THREE FLAMES IN A LANTERN OF STONE! STILL THEY BURN WHEN THE NIGHT GROWS LONG! Not stars—but sparks from hidden hands That carried hope through a century's dawn

(Three flames... hidden hands...)
(Soft vocal hum lingers) **© Owen Brennan 2025**

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Wild Hearts - Artist: Éireál

(Three flames from a lantern of stone…
Still they glow when the grey day comes.)

Pages worn by trembling hands
Schoolgirls trace the lines once more
They find the storm inside the calm
And open up the parlour door
They read of winds and roaming souls
Of love that fights against the cage
And find their own wild hearts inside
Blazing on the turning page

The lantern breaks! The lights are free!
A woven thread for you and me!
Three lights that burn beyond the stone -
They walked the dark to guide us home!
From Haworth's hill to the ocean's rim
The Three Lights burn, but never dim!

Lessons learned in quiet rooms
A power found on every line, like a fire
we take the words they had to hide
And speak them to the world outside
Each generation finds the spark
In ink that dried so long ago
It turns the winter into spring
And melts the heavy Haworth snow

The lantern breaks! The lights are free!
A woven thread for you and me!
Three lights that burn beyond the stone -
They walked the dark to guide us home!
From Haworth's hill to the ocean's rim
The Three Lights burn, but never dim!

They wrote in silence so we could sing
They clipped their feathers so we could have wings
Now schoolgirls grown, Their voices rise
The moors still breathe beneath the skies!
Not gone - just glowing in the text!

The lantern breaks! The lights go free!
A woven thread for you and me!
Three lights that burn beyond the stone -
They walked the dark to guide us home
From Haworth's hill to the ocean's rim
The Three Lights burn, but never dim!

Wild hearts... Open sky... Three lights...
Three Lights ...Three Lights.....

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